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ADVERTISER

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CHICAGO OUTLET

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PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCED: Public Service Forest Ranger

ORIGINATOR: CHIEF, RANGER BOND

ANNOUNCED: And here is the first time Ranger District where our old
 friend, Ranger Bond, is on the job, looking out
 protecting the resources of the National Forest. While
 our National Forests cover almost 600 million acres of
 beautiful forest and some of the Nation's outstanding
 scenery, there are also areas within them where land
 fire, or destructive exploitation such as, the early days
 before the National Forests were established, had destroyed
 the lands of their forest cover and left devastation and
 waste. Particularly in the case recently acquired National
 Forest lands in the West there are considerable areas of
 such character. On these the job of Public Service Forest
 Ranger is one of rehabilitation -- of restoring forest
 growth, or building up depleted resources. Millions of
 trees are planted each year by the Forest Service on such
 lands. On others, intensive protection and improvement
 work is doing a natural course out of forest growth. Such
 work is of great and increasing value. It contributes
 to the prevention of floods through improved watershed
 protection; it speeds up the return of those lands to a
 condition where they can once more produce the timber
 to the support and welfare of the Nation's population.
 Well, now we go, as to the first time Ranger District.
 Let's see what's going on --

MARY: (OFF, CALLS) You-hoo -- Mary Robbins --

BESS: Is that you, Mary? Come in.

MARY: (COMING UP) Hello, Mrs. Robbins. I just thought I'd drop in a minute on my way back to school.

BESS: Oh, I'm glad you did, Mary.

MARY: Is Jerry here?

BESS: No, he's out on the porch today. Jim's here though.

MARY: Is he? (CALLS) Hello, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (SLIGHTLY OFF - AT DESK) Mary, huh? -- Oh, it's the suburban's. Howdy, Mary.

MARY: Are you awful busy, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Guess a Ranger's always busy, Mary. Sort of a chronic condition.

MARY: Well, don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Robbins. I just stopped by to say hello. That's all.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) And to see if Jerry was over, or any chance?

MARY: (LAUGHING) Now, whatever made you think that?

BESS: It's nice to hear you, Mary.

MARY: I know. But I don't want to interrupt your work, Mr. Robbins. I --

JIM: Oh, that's all right, Mary. I guess it's about time I said hello to you. You look lovely in a skirt.

MARY: I guess you wish you were out on the porch today, too. Don't you, Mr. Robbins? It's sure a nice day.

JIM: Well, it doesn't work out so easy as it sounds. For one thing, Nature has done it pretty cleverly and carefully in some ways. For when the trees in the forest will scatter a million seeds for every one that takes root and grows. If we were to try to duplicate Nature that way, you see what a huge job of seed collection and sowing it would be. The best would be prohibitive.

MARY: I see. You'd have to scatter a million seeds to get one tree to grow.

JIM: That's right. And then remember that the kind of land we want to plant on - burned over and cleared land, very often - is apt to be the worst kind of land for tree seeds to sprout and take hold in. Much worse than where trees are already established and spreading their seeds naturally.

MARY: Yes, that's true too.

JIM: Then for another thing, there's rodents.

BESS: Rodents?

JIM: Yes, mice and other things. If you scatter a batch of seed, the rodents immediately have a well-defined track and it is about as fast as you can scatter it. — But just the same we've been experimenting for years on direct seeding. It's always worth while trying to find better ways of doing things, you know. We've tried poisoning the rodents, and breaking the seed and scattering the ground and all kinds of things. With a few kinds of trees under certain conditions we've had fair success but a lot of other tests didn't work out. Nevertheless we're keeping on experimenting. That's what our man is doing up there where Jerry is today. He's going over the sample seeding plots with an observer now.

MARY: I see. And that where Jerry was yesterday too?

JIM: Yes. Yesterday he took up a couple of sacks of poisoned barley.

MARY: Poisoned barley? What's that for?

JIM: They're going to try to get rid of the rodents on the seeding plots.

MARY: I see.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

JERRY: (COMING IN) Hey, Jim — Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Jerry. Aren't you back early?

JIM: I didn't think you'd get back so soon, Jerry.

JERRY: I knew, but I thought I'd better come in early. You know those sacks of poisoned barley I took up there yesterday.

JIM: Jerry?

JERRY: Well, somebody stole 'em.

JIM: Stole 'em 'em?

JERRY: Yeah. I left 'em by the road yesterday at there where we're flag-stopping those sheep drivers, and somebody picked 'em up last night. Loaded 'em in their cars. I couldn't get much out of the car except honey --

JIM: Were the bags labeled "poison", Jerry?

JERRY: No.

JIM: They shouldn't be.

JERRY: Yeah, I know. I thought I better get in early so we could start trying to get a line on the fellow that stole 'em and --

JIM: We want to do that, all right, but I'm afraid in the meantime somebody's going to be feeding that poison barley to his stock. It'd serve 'im right if he lost his stock. Of course, but just the same I'd hate to see some poor horse or something suffer because his owner's a thief.

BESS: Oh, Jim, can't we do something? It'd be a shame if --

JIM: Get me the newspaper -- the Willow Glen Clarion, on the phone, will you, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, right away. (CRANKS PHONE) Hello - Hello, get me the Willow Glen Clarion, will you? -- Hello? Hello, Clarion office? - This is the Pine Cone Ranger Station. Jim Robbins wants to talk to you - (TO JIM) All right, Jim.

TO PHONE) Hello? -- Yeah. Say Joe there's been two
sacks of barley stolen up on the National Forest --
Yeah, last night -- I know but it was poisoned barley,
see? -- Yeah. I wish you'd get something in the paper
that'd warn anybody not to feed that barley to his stock
so we haven't any line on who stole it. But we'll get that
sooner or later -- Yeah, but I'd like to get that warning
spread around first, quick as we can -- All right Joe.
Thanks -- So long. (HANGS UP) He's going to print a
warning on the front page he says. They're going to press
right away.

BESS Oh, that's good.

JERRY How about the radio Jim?

JIM Yeah. Maybe they'll help us too. (CRANKS PHONE) Hello,
line clear? -- Hello, get me the radio station down in
Wallow Glen, Annie -- Yeah, that's right. Hello.
Radio Station? -- Let me talk to the manager will you? --
Yeah. Ranger Jim Robbins calling. -- Hello. This is Jim
Robbins up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. -- Yeah. Say
do you suppose you could broadcast a warning about some
poisoned barley that was stolen from us? -- Good -- Yes,
it was stolen last night, up on the North Fork road. Two
sacks -- That's right -- That's right. Somebody might be
feeding it to their stock -- Yes. I'd sure appreciate it --
All right, time -- So long. (HANGS UP) You folks tune on
the radio if you want. He says he's going to broadcast a
warning right away.

BOSS: There are two more men, Jim.
 JIM: I'm going to take a run down to the Post Office and spread the word around down here. Maybe you'd better come along, Jerry.

JERRY: Okay.

(PAUSE)

VOICE: (COMING IN OVER RADIO) Attention, everybody -- we have received a report from the Pine Cone Ranger Station that two sacks of grain were stolen from the Forest Service last night. They were taken from the side of the North Fork road in the National Forest. Whoever took them is warned not to feed the grain to his stock. The sacks contained poisoned barley. -- And now, ladies and gentlemen, some more news --

(INTERVAL MUSIC)

JIM: I reckon you tell these boys that hang around the post office here, and the news will travel pretty quick.

JERRY: Yeah, we got here just the right time too. Everybody's waiting for the post mail to come in. -- Say, you a "hat fellow" with the overalls we saw there, Jim?

JIM: That's Uncle Sanders. Has a small place up on the north Pine road.

JERRY: Did you notice the way he asked when you told that story of yellow about the poisoned barley?

JIM: Yeah, I've been watching him, Jerry.

JERRY: Look, he's leaving now - waiting into his driveway
 JIM: Oh huh. He ain't waiting for you and your girl either
 JERRY: seems to me in a hurry too.
 JIM: Suppose we hop in the pick-up and follow him out to his
 ranch Jerry. I a'pears he might learn something
 JERRY: All right. Let's go.
 JIM: And suppose we stop by the veterinarian's and take him
 along if he ain't busy. I've got a hunch we might have a
 job for him.

(INTERVAL MUSIC)

(FADE IN SOUND OF CAR - STOPS)

JIM: Here's Edna Sanders' place
 JERRY: Yeah, where he is, out at the barn.
 JIM: Should you better wait here in the car Doc. We'll call
 you if we need you.
 VOICE: All right, Jim.
 JIM: Come on Jerry. -- (CALLS) Hello, Edna -
 EDNA: (OFF) HELLO
 JIM: Edna you heard me tellin' about some stolen barley, some
 at the Post Office a little while back?
 EDNA: Yeah.
 JIM: I was just thinking you might help me pass the word around
 that it was poisoned. We were fixin' to use it to drive
 the rodents off some sample plots up on the North Fork, 1934.
 EDNA: Yeah. Waitin' again me about it for?

JIM: How's your horse getting along, Chub?

CHUB: He's all right, I reckon

JIM: Better take a look at 'im Chub. Sounds like he might have convulsions or something, in there

CHUB: (ANXIOUS) He - he's all right, I reckon - Uh - I'll maybe I better look - (OFF) My god, he's sick. Hey Ranger, my horse is awful sick!

JIM: I was afraid of that, Jerry

CHUB: (COMING UP) Hey, ain't there something we can do for that horse? He's awful sick! He'll die if we don't do something

JIM: I've got the veterinarian with me, out in the pick up, Chub
(CALLS) Hey Doc

VOICE: (OFF) Yo

JIM: Come here quick will yuh? There's a job here for you just like I thought

VOICE: (OFF) Coming right away, Jim

CHUB: (WHINING) Listen Ranger, I took them sacks of barley I'll put 'em right back where they come from - honest I'll take 'em right back. You ain't gonna have me put in jail are yuh?

JIM: I could have you prosecuted for it, Chub

CHUB: Please don't do it, Ranger. I'll take 'em back, honest I just seen 'em sittin' there by the road, an' - honest I'll take 'em back

JIM: I reckon you've learned your lesson all right, Chub. You take 'em back where you got 'em and we'll call it square

THOMAS: I sure will, Ranger, honest.

JIM: But first of all, come on. We've got to get to work and save those horses.

(PADEBUT)

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